For I haue murdred where I ſhould not kill.

Exit with his ſonne.

K.Hen. Weepe wretched man, Ile lay thee teare for teare,
Here ſits a King, as woe begone as thee,

Alarmes, and enter the Queene.

Queene. Away my Lord, to *Barwicke* preſently,
The day is loſt, our friendes are murdered,
No hope is left for vs; therefore away.

Enter Prince Edward.

Prince. Oh father flie, our men haue left the Field:
Take horſe ſweete father, let vs ſaue our ſelues.

Enter Exeter.

Exet. Away my Lord, for vengance come along with him:
Nay, ſtand not to expoſtulate; make haſte,
Or elſe come after, Ile away before.

K.Hen. Nay ſtay good *Exeter*, for Ile along with thee.

Enter Clifford, wounded with an arrow in his necke.

Clif. Heere burnes my candle out,
That whilſt it laſted, gaue king *Henry* light.
Ah *Lancaſter*, I feare thine ouerthrow,
More then my bodyes parting from my ſoule.
My loue and feare, glude many friendes to thee,
And now I die, that tough commixture melts.
Impairing *Henry* ſtrengthened miſproud *Yorke*,
The common people ſwarme like ſommer Flies:
And whither flies the Gnats, but to the Sunne?
And who ſhines now but *Henries* enemie?
Oh *Phœbus*, hadſt thon neuer giuen conſent
That *Phaeton* ſhould checke thy fierie ſteedes,
Thy burning carre had neuer ſcorcht the earth.
And *Henry* hadſt thou liu'd as Kings ſhould doe,
And as thy father, and his father did,
Giuing no foote vnto the houſe of *Yorke*,
I, and ten thouſand in this wofull land,
Had left no mourning Widdowes for our deathes:
And thou this day hadſt kept thy Throne in peace,
For what doth cheriſh Weedes but gentle Aire?

And

Yorke, and Henrie

And what makes robbers bold,
Booteleſſe are plaintes, and cur
No way to flie, no ſtrength to ho
The foe is mercileſſe, and will n
And at their handes I haue deſer
The aire is got into my bleeding
And much effuſe of blood doth
Come *Yorke* and *Richard*, *Warwi*
I ſtabde your fathers, now come

Enter Edward, Richard, an
and Souldiers.

Edw. Thus farre our fortunes
And we are graſt with wreathes
Some troupes purſue the bloodi
That now towardes *Barwicke* do
But thinke you that *Clifford* is fle

War. No, tis impoſſible he ſhou
For though before his face I ſpeak
Your brother *Richard* markt him
And where ſo ere he be, I warrant

Clifford grones, and then

Edw. Harke, what ſoule is this t

Rich. A deadly grone, like life a

Edw. See who it is, and now the
Friend or foe, let him be friendly

Rich. Reuerſe that doome of m
Who kild our tender brother *Rutla*
And ſtabd our princely Duke of
War. From off the gates of *York*
Your fathers head which *Clifford* p
In ſtead of that, let his ſupply the
Meaſure for meaſure muſt be anſw

Edw. Bring foorth that fatall ſkr
That nothing ſung to vs but bloo
Now his yll boding tongue no mo

War. I thinke his vnderſtanding

13 comes

9 from end. And